The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy Soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my Lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying Ieſus bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Coſin of Somerſet be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somer. Thankes coſin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his ſeate.
Buck. Content, come then let vs about it ſtraight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilſt theſe do ſeeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs ſeeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I ſeene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forſweare himſelfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Coſine

Coſin *Yorke*, the victories th
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and i
Hath wonne thee immortal
And thou braue *Warwicke*,
Thy ſimple plainneſſe and t
Hath won thee credit amon
The reuerence of mine age,
Is of no little force if I com
Then let vs ioyne all three
That good duke *Humfrey* m
But wherefore weepes *War*
War. For greefe that all
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*,
Why *Warwick* did win then
with our ſwords, be giue
Yorke. As I haue read, our K
large dowries with their
way his owne.
Salſ. Come ſonnes away an
War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh
Which *Warwicke* by maine
Maine chance father you m
Which I vvill vvin from Fra

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*
Cold nevves for me, for I h
Euen as I haue of fertile En
A day will come when *York*
And therefore I will take th
And make a ſhew of loue t
And when I ſpy aduantage
For thats the golden marke
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter*
Nor hold the Scepter in his
Nor weare the diadem vpo
Whoſe Church-like humor
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a while

A 4